THE HALF-CROWN TEA, Best in the City. {J. B. MART.} 110, Borough Buildings, London-rd. Prove it by buying half-a-pound on trial.

HUSBAND'S NEW PATENT VENTILATING HATS, 35, MARKET-ST.

Vol. II.—No. 46. MANCHESTER, Saturday, June 26th. Price One Penny.

VOWEL A WASHING MACHINE,
A very useful and popular Family Machine, price £3 10s.; with newly-improved India-rubber Wringer, extra strong, £5 12s. complete.—See Catalogue.
BRADFORD & CO., Cathedral Steps, Manchester.

VOWEL E COMBINED WASHING, WRINGING, & MANGLING MACHINE,
Price £8. 8s.; efficient, simple, and of acknowledged superiority.—See list of prize medals awarded.
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BRADFORD'S WRINGING AND MANGLING MACHINE,
With improvements, perfect as a Wringer, unequalled as a Mangle.—CATHEDRAL STEPS, MANCHESTER.

VELOCIPEDE MICHAUX
MESSRS. MICHAUX & CO. beg to inform the Nobility and Gentry, that for the future
MR. S. DAWSON,
Parsonage Chambers, 56, DEANSGATE,
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Will be their Sole Agent for England for the Sale of their Celebrated Velocipedes.
Purchasers will please observe that MICHAUX & Co. in large letters are on each Machine, without which none are genuine.

SILVER LEVER WATCHES £3. 3s. to £6. 6s
Silver Horizontal ditto, £1. 10s. to £3. 3s.
Gold Lever ditto.....£7. 10s. to £21. 0s.
Gold Horizontal ditto, £3. 3s. to £7. 7s.
Every Watch accurately timed and guaranteed.
JEWELLERY
Of every description, in new and choice designs.
GOLD GUARD AND ALBERT CHAINS
In great variety.
T. ARMSTRONG & BROTHER,
Watch and Clock Manufacturers, Goldsmiths, &c.
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Dining and Drawing-room Clocks, Hall Clocks, Alarums, &c., in every variety. Lowest net prices only charged.

PURE WATER FILTERS at 5s. 6d.
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As Exhibited at the great Exhibition 1851. Silver Prize Medal Manchester and Liverpool Agricultural Society. Silver Prize Medal Middleton Agricultural Society.
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Works: Upper Medlock-street Hulme.

CLARET,
11s. PER DOZEN,
BOTTLES INCLUDED.
Our trade for this pure light Bordeaux, for DINNER and as a BEVERAGE Wine, increases daily.
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WINE MERCHANTS,
26, Market Street,
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And at
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Grant & Co.'s Trousers, all Wool, 13/-
Grant & Co.'s Trousers and Vest, all Wool 17/6
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CORNER OF BRIDGE STREET.

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BALL SUPPERS, and DINNERS Supplied, by
MESSRS. PARKER AND SON,
ST. MARY'S GATE,
In the most fashionable style, on moderate terms, including the hire of plate, china, glass, &c. An elegant assortment of Bridecakes always ready. Bills of fare for any number, with prices, sent post free. Late Purveyors to the Botanical Society.

FIRST ARRIVAL IN THE CITY.
Just received, a Consignment of the
Australian Meat Company's
READY-COOKED
MUTTON & BEEF,
SOLD WITHOUT BONE,
In 6lb. TINS, at 3s. 9d. per TIN,
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J. W. SCOTT, FAMILY GROCER,
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TAILOR,
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Schneider und Hutmacher,
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ersucht höflichst die-Deutchen Herren in Manchester, und Umgegend sein Grosses Lager in gewählten Fruhlings-Waaren anzusehen.

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TRICHANOPHRON

Removes the scurf and all impurities from the skin, Strengthens Weak Hair, prevents its turning Grey, and and by daily application restores Grey Hair to its original colour, imparting to it a beautiful, clean, glossy appearance.—Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d.

HAIR RESTORED & BALDNESS PREVENTED BY

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One application prevents the hair from falling off, and by its use the short weak hair on the head, apparently bald, commences to grow with a vigour and rapidity truly astonishing. Its action on the hair through the medium of the skin removes all scurf and dandriff, and in many cases causes grey hair to turn to the original colour by removing obstructions at the root, causing the colouring or pigment to flow into the interior of the hair; one trial is sufficient to convince the most sceptical of its efficacy.—Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d.

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GOLDEN TINCTURE,

For giving a brilliant Golden Shade to Hair of any color. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d.

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For Removing Superfluous Hair. Sent to any part of the Three Kingdoms, carriage free, on receipt of 20 Stamps.

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CELEBRATED SYRIAN LIQUID HAIR DYE.

Free from Smell. Warranted not to stain the skin. The Hair Dyed in One Minute.—In cases, 3s. 6d.

Post Office Orders payable at Vigo Street.

Hair Cutter to H.R.H. Prince of Wales.

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BEG to call the attention of Intending Purchasers of VELOCIPEDES to their PATENT PRIZE MEDAL MACHINE, which combines the best possible material and workmanship, with thorough stability.—Can be seen, and other particulars obtained,

At 13, MARSDEN SQUARE;

Or at their Works, Farnworth, near Bolton.

DELICIOUS EFFERVESCING SUMMER BEVERAGES can be made at home, with the

NEW PATENT GAZOGENE,

PRICE 10s.

MOTTERSHEAD & CO., 1, MARKET PLACE.

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BUTTER! BUTTER! BUTTER!

McCANEY & CO.,

17, JAMES-ST., SMITHFIELD MARKET,

Offer the best

NEW GRASS IRISH BUTTER

At 11d., 1s., and 1s. 1d. per lb.

EGGS and POULTRY of the freshest and choicest description, at prices much cheaper than any other house in Manchester. Wholesale and retail customers meet with every attention.

FRESH ARRIVALS DAILY.

GARDEN HOSE, with BRASS WORK

H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

FISHING STOCKINGS, TROUSERS AND BOOTS,

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FLEXIBLE HOSE for GARDENS fitted with Taps, Jets, Roses, Spreaders, and Unions.

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THE INDIA-RUBBER SPONGES and INDIA-RUBBER CORKS have only to be seen and tried to be appreciated and adopted.

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VELOCIPEDES of the best construction and workmanship, at JOSEPH HALEY'S, Machinist, 10, Corporation-st., Ducie Bridge, Manchester.

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Established 1824.

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JONES'S TIC-DOLOREUX PILLS,

Invaluable for the relief and cure of Neuralgia, Sciatica, Toothache, Ague, Erysipelas, Consumption, Nervous Disorders, &c. Sold in Boxes at 7½d., 1s. 1½d., & 2s. 9d. Post free for 9, 15, and 36 stamps. Sole proprietor: JAMES JONES, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 149, Chapel Street, Salford.

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(For several years Manager to the late firm of Scholes & Co.)

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Sun-Shades of every description made to order.

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ONE SHILLING PER SHARE.

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And will consist of upwards of

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"A NOBLE WIFE".....W. H. FISK.....£150

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"The MORNING EXPRESS"..J. P. PETTITT..£126

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Tickets, ONE SHILLING each, entitling the holder to one chance in the drawing, may be had from

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JAMES G. LAW, Secretary,

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Manchester Free Grammar School.

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During JUNE and JULY.

CLASSES are being held in Latin, Greek, French, Astronomy, and Drawing. Further information may be had on application, personally or by letter, to Mr. HODSON, School Mills.

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BUNTING, UNION JACKS, and ENSIGNS, suitable for Public Buildings, Warehouses, &c-; also SILK BANNERS, for Societies and Schools; at

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Can be supplied with

WHEEL TIMBER of the finest description

(Bent Rims, White Hickory Spokes, Saddles, &c.) at

THURMAN'S BENT TIMBER WORKS,

New Wakefield-st., Oxford-st.

NO MORE DEAR MEAT.—Important to heads of families. Just arrived from Australia, the finest Mutton in the world. Fully 3d. per lb. cheaper than English. In Tins, 7½d. per lb.; smaller quantities, 8d. per lb., COOKED & WITHOUT BONE.

WILLIAM T. BAX, Provision Merchant,

75, STRETFORD ROAD.

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EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862

Was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS. Deformity Instruments, Artificial Limbs, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid Appliances.

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THREE LARGE FRONT WINDOWS TO LET, on STRETFORD NEW ROAD.

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MANUFACTURER OF

PATENT LEVER AND OTHER WATCHES.

Silver Levers at £4., £5., £6., £7., £8., £9., & £10. each. In Gold from £10. upwards.

An Assortment of GOLD ALBERTS and CHAINS.

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PAPER HANGINGS,

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Hair Seating, Curled Hair, Leather Cloths, Woollen Flocks, Feathers, Trimmings.

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2/6 Per Pound

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THE BEST
French & American Two-Wheelers,
AT
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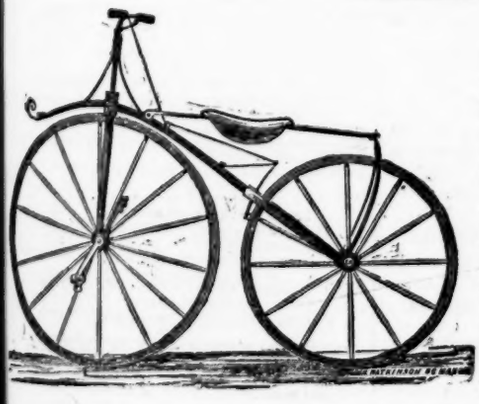
TWO SPACIOUS ROOMS FOR PRACTICE.

THE NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY,

FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER.



THE NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY beg to announce that they have **OPENED** the immense basement of the **FREE TRADE HALL,** for the **SALE** and **HIRE** of their Patent Two-wheeled VELOCIPEDE, the "VELOX," which is cheaper, and in many respects better than those of other makers. Purchasers of the "VELOX" are allowed the free use, until perfect, of the Great Hall (nearly a quarter of an acre in extent). The National Velox Company also HIRE Velocipedes, by the hour, to the general public, at a small charge. Every facility given for Tournament practice. Gentlemen who have bought other makersf Velocipedes, and require practice, will do well to avail themselves o' this opportunity, as they will have a perfectly level floor, great space, allowing the highest possible speed to be attained, and seclusion.

In order to keep the attendance select, the **NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY** charge Sixpence for admission, which is returnable to those hiring Velocipedes.

R. WALMSLEY, JEWELLER AND SILVERSMITH, Manufacturer of LEVER & CHRONOMETER WATCHES, 129, Oldham-st., Manchester.

VELOCIPEDES. WILMOT HOLT & Co., 8, York-st., Manchester. VELOCIPEDES.

ESTABLISHED 1843.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—GREAT OUTFIT ESTABLISHMENT,

125 & 127, OLDHAM STREET.

THOMAS PEEL takes this opportunity of thanking his patrons and the public generally for their kind support during the 20 years he has been in business, and begs most respectfully to submit the following prices.

Having had 32 years' experience in the Underclothing Manufactures, will be a guarantee for goods worthy of the pre-eminence to which his establishment has attained.

LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING Department.

Long Night Dresses, in dozens, half dozens, or singly, 2s. 6½d. to 8s. 6d.
Ditto, with frills, 2s. 9d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 12s.
Ditto, insertion, 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Ditto, Needle Work, 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d. 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 25s., 30s., 42s., 50s., to 60s. each. French and English Designs.

LADIES' CHEMISES.

Plain, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s., 2s. 6d , to 5s.
Frills, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., to 6s. 9d.
Needle Scollop, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 9d., to 8s. 6d.
Fancy Stomacher Fronts, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 30s., to 50s.

LADIES' CALICO & TWILL BODIES.

Plain, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 10½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., to 3s. 6d.
Trimmed, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 15s.

CAMESOLS.

Mull Muslin, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Fancy Fronts, 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 9s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s., 21s., to 50s.

LADIES' DRAWERS.

Plain and Hem, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d, to 1s. 11d.
Seven Tucks, 1s. 4½d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., to 2s. 6d.
Ten Tucks, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., to 5s.
Needle Scallop, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 17s. 6d., 21s., to 25s.
Insertion, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., 15s., to 25s.

LADIES' LONGCLOTH PETTICOATS.

With Tucks, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 10s. 6d.
With Insertion, 2s. 11½d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 6s., 8s. 6d., to 60s.
With Flouncings, &c., 4s. 11d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 21s., to 90s.
With Frill 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., to 45s.

FLANNEL PETTICOATS.

Lancashire, 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., to 10s. 6d.
Saxony, 6s. 11d., 9s. 11d., 12s., 15s., to 42s.
Coloured, ditto, 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 16s. 6d., to 36s.
Silk, Satin, Eider Down, Arctic, and a great variety of Fancy Skirts, at nominal prices.

LADIES' NIGHT CAPS.

Several Hundred, French Manufacture .. 4½d.
Ditto ditto .. 6½d.
Ditto London .. 8½d.
Ditto London, with Needlework ..... 9½d.
Ditto ..... 1s.
Ditto ..... 1s. 3d.
Ditto ..... 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.
Ditto, Glasgow ..... 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.
Ditto, Alexandra ..... 11½d.
Great Variety of Sleeping Nets.

LADIES' DRESSING GOWNS.

Printed Cambrics, 3s. 11½d., 4s. 11d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d. to 25s.
Ditto, Flannel, 10s. 11d., 15s., 21s., 30s., to 45s.
Ditto, Cashmere, 50s., 60s., 80s., to 140s.
White Muslin, 14s. 6d., 18s. 6d., 25s., to 50s.

TOILET.

Flannel Jackets, 7s. 11d., 9s. 11d., to 18s. 11d.
Muslin, ditto, 5s. 11d., 8s. 11d., 15s., to 30s.
Printed Cambric, ditto, 2s. 11d. to 7s. 6d.

LADIES' FLANNEL, MERINO DRAWERS, Etc., Etc.

White and Scarlet Saxony Drawers..5s. 11d. to 14s. 6d.
Welsh Flannel ..... 6s. 11d. to 9s. 11d.
Swan Down ..... 4s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
Twill ..... 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.
Merino ..... 4s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
Lambs' Wool ..... 5s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.

SINGLETS.

Flannel ..... 3s. 9d. to 7s. 6d.
Merino Vests ..... 1s. 11d. to 8s. 6d.
Lambs' Wool ..... 3s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.
Merino Vests and Drawers, complete. 10s. 11d. to 15s. 0d.

LADIES' HOSE.

Thread, German make, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
Ditto, English ditto, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., to 3s. 6d.
Silk, 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., to 16s. 6d.
Cotton, 3½d., 8½d., 11½d., to 3s. 6d.
Merino, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 5s.
Lambs' Wool, 1s. 6d., 2s., to 4s. 6d.
These are from the most celebrated Makers.

BABY LINEN.

Infant Shirts, 4½d., 6d., 7½d., 8½d., 10d., 11½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s., 2s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Cotton Binders, 4½d., 6d., 8d., 10d., 1s., to 2s.
Flannel, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
Flannel Barrows, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 3d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., to 25s.
Long Petticoats, 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., to 15s.
Night Caps, 4½d., 6d., 7½d., 10½d., to 5s.
French Cambric Caps, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., to 15s.
Hair Cord Gowns, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 10s. 6d.
Calico Night Gowns, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
Monthly Robes, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., 15s., 17s. 11d., 21s., to £6. 10s. each.

INFANT CHRISTENING Department.

CHRISTENING ROBES, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 11d., 15s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., to 160s.
FRENCH MERINO CLOAKS, braided, quilted, and trimmed, all of great beauty, 8s. 6d., 10s. 6., 12s. 6d., 15s., 18s. 6d., 21s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 60s., 90s., to 170s.
BEAUTIFUL HOODS and HATS, in CASHMERE, Silk, Velvet, and Felt, 1s. 4½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s. 6d., 15s., to 30s.
SILK and VELVET BONNETS, 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 4s., 5s., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., to 15s.
50 dozen White Brussels and other Falls, 4½d., to 21s.
Quilted Bibs, 3d., 4d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 6s. 6d.

SHORT CLOTHES.

Round Shirts, 6½d., 7d., 8½d., 10½d., 1s., 2s., 3s., to 4s. 6d.
Stays, 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 2s. 11d.
Calico Petticoats, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Flannel ditto, 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 10s. 6d.

GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.

Chemise, Banded, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 5s.
Ditto, Fancy Fronts, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 15s.
Tucked Petticoats, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., to 15s.
Flannel ditto, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., to 18s.
Drawers, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 11d., to 10s. 6d.

BOYS' and YOUTHS' Department.

Day Shirts, 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
Night ditto, 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., to 5s.
Linen Collars, 3½d., 5½d., to 7½d.
Ties, Pocket Handkerchiefs, &c., all largely reduced.

GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

20 dozen Shirts, size, 15½, 2s. 6d., worth 3s. 11d.
Plain and Fancy Shirts, to 10s. 6d.
Linen Inserting and other Fronts, 5½d. to 10s. 6d.
Fancy Ties, at nominal prices.

FLANNEL DEPARTMENT.

Lancashire, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., to 1s. 11d.
Welsh, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.
Imitation, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d.
Saxony, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., to 8s.

CALICO DEPARTMENT.

500 Pieces 36 inch Longcloth .. .. 3½d.
50 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 3½d.
50 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5d.
70 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto 8½d
10 Pieces Twill ditto 6½d
32 inch Longcloth in proportion.
50 Pieces Haircord Muslin .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
5 Pieces Fancy Satin Stripe .. .. 8½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieees ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
Soft Cords, 1s. 4d. to 2s. 6d.
50 Pieces Linen Lawns .. .. .. 10½d.
20 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
20 Pieces ditto .. .. 1s. 11d. to 3s.
50 Pieces Nainsook .. .. .. 4½d.
40 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 6½d.
40 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 4d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 10d.
15 Pieces ditto various, to .. 3s.
10 Pieces Nursery Diapers .. .. 4½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5½d.
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5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
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Napkins, ready for use, 7s. 11d. to 21s. per dozen.
10 Dozen Towels .. .. 5½d.
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5 Pieces Bird-eye Diapers .. .. 1s.
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5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 2s.
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FANCY DEPARTMENT.

Several Hundred Yards Real Thread Edge, 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., and 10½d.
Several Hundred Yards Lace, 6½d., 8½d, to 5s. 6d.
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Real Maltese Collars, 11½d., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto Cluny, 1s., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto, ditto, 10½d., worth 1s. 9d., in great variety.
Real Coifs, real Berthas, real Handkerchiefs, &c., very much reduced.
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Several hundred pounds' worth of Imitation Cluny Laces, new patterns, low prices.
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18 Dozen Muslin Tie Handkerchiefs ....8½d.
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Bodices, Muslin Crossovers, all new this season.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.

40 Dozen.. .. .. 11½d. half-dozen.
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 2½d. "
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 4½d. "
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 6½d. "
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 9d. "
50 Dozen.. .. .. 2s. "
And so on to .. .. 9s. "
Ready Hemmed .. 1s. 1½d. to 9s.
Hem Stitched .. 4½d. to 5s. each
Sewed Edgings, Scollops, and Insertions, amounting to upwards of £2,000.
Every Article Marked in Plain Figures.

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PARIS AS SEEN BY A MANCHESTER MAN.

[CONCLUSION.]

OMNIBUSES furnish a curious illustration of the suspicious nature of the French people. In going to Passy, which was opposite the great Exhibition, we were stopped three times by an inspecting officer, who counted the people, scowled at us all, looked at the label to see if the conductor had properly ticketed us, and, after saying rough words to him and demanding explanations, wrote his remarks in his own pocket book and put a pass mark on the conductor's. Here, in Manchester, I have seen a man once in a month jump on the step, look round, make a few remarks, and go, leaving us to suppose that he was rather a friend of the guard.* But no such mildness in Paris: all must be official, hard, and regardless of all other things. There is something good in this merciless determination to do duty. Everybody seems to magnify his own office, nobody thinks himself too small. The cabman is so important that you are awed by him. You fear he must be some important official, who may drive you to the Palace of Justice and imprison you at once, if you don't pay at once his demand. Conductors command like captains. As to the cooks and waiters, they all think so much of themselves that you take them for the masters, of course, and in country places you see the last of these very prominently. One of them, in a little country town, told me he had waited on our Queen, and seemed quite acquainted with her; I could boast no such near approach to Majesty of any kind or kingdom.

Curious it is how coolly the Parisians tell you quite the opposite of what you know. I was buying a catalogue at the Exhibition as late as October, when I was told gravely that it was better to take it, because the first edition was nearly out. That was the last copy, and the first edition was, they averred, the best. We know that the first becomes very soon nearly useless.

Why, it will be asked, do you speak so of Paris—the delight of all men, and the dream of so many women? Do you set up your opinion against that of the world? I knew a man of no small mental power who told me that his desire was to live all his life among the cafés of Paris. Now, I think I would rather live in a stable. There at least you have occasional rest. In Paris cafés there is no peace, but the monotony far exceeds that of a stable. Monotony with noise and fuss is far more irritating to the mind than quiet monotony; but many people mistake the commotion new to them for a perpetual change. If you go and become familiar with the faces at a café, then leave them for years, you may return and find the same there. During that time the owners have drank, from the same cups, coffee always tasting the same, and they have played at dominoes games just as like as two peas generally are. The little hopes and fears of the domino struggle are greatly amusing—no, they are not, they are profoundly sad, when you think that they occur seven times a week during a long life. I have tried the truth of these words, if not in Paris, at least among café frequenters, and I know them to be true. 'Tis the same among most of the amusements of Paris. The same thing occurs year after year. "Oh, I see," says some one, "you only mean that mankind are the same in all ages, and the same thing amuses them; so, in Paris, when one set of people become blasé with the amusements, another set comes and begins again." No, that is not all that is meant, for such is inevitable. The meaning is, that the life of the cafés and the amusement obtained by looking at external Paris life, is of a kind so monotonous, that it is wonderful that human beings can be dazzled with it, or better pleased than with that kind of monotony which comes from feeding hens, which live a life as varied as that in a café.

I was once very well acquainted with the individuals of a hotel where I lived. Every man had his place, everyone his bottle of wine, everyone his pipe, and they discussed each bottle as carefully as if it were a supply for life. It was at first amusing. On certain days great dinners were given, and waiters and landlords became important. The dishes went from hand to hand with remarkable speed, and everyone magnified his office, and made it as honourable as possible. I knew all the dishes well; they were interesting when it was all new. I knew the particular appearance of each man who eat, and their peculiarities of dress were not forgotten. I soon thought it a sad thing to live in such a petty round of operations, and I was glad to leave; but think of my horror when, many years afterwards, I returned after a long struggle with the world, and, when I expected the old scenes and ways to be as much changed as myself, when I had almost fancied the house to look aged and the people to have left, when I at least felt certain that active minds must have changed their routine of life—think of my horror to find the same dinners, the same dishes served by the same landlord and some of the same servants, and eaten by the same men in the same waistcoats that I had left long ago. It was the old Scandinavian heaven on earth, where the warriors killed each other during the day, and then went to eat the great boar which was killed for them every evening and resuscitated every morning for their eternal feasts. I used to think that tale a fable, but no, it is a truth in the cafés of Paris and in hotels all over the continent.

But you say that all amusement is monotonous. Of children it is, but not of men, who ought to have new thoughts, and new cares, and new aspirations. The French live a monotonous existence, and they are compelled to make up for it by violent scenes in some part of their lives. They live too much in the same haunts, and they seek to revolutionise the world as a counter irritation. The common people live, in fact, a dull life, and, knowing little beyond them, they are glad occasionally to break out. It must have been a Frenchman, and not a Dutchman, who, wanting to be gay, jumped out of the window in a sudden fit of enthusiasm, to atone for his long-endured tediousness. Why has the world quite a different idea of Frenchmen? The reason I suppose to be that when they begin to be gay, they do make the most of it; then subside, to gather strength for another explosion. The actor is dull enough after his brilliant hour on the stage.

Talking of actors, I will finish my notes with the scene I and my friend, from Manchester also, saw at a play. We went to see *The Wandering Jew*, a wonderful tale, wild, and very true in a way, pictured on the stage. The people were very attentive, and they applauded all the speeches in admiration of virtue with great violence, as if the ideas were quite new to them, and as if the play had not been acted from three to four hundred nights consecutively. At the end, there was a great tableau of—what do you think? I could not have guessed it in a year. If I had thought of it, I dared not have guessed it aloud; and, now I have seen it, I dare scarcely describe it. In order to set off the scene to advantage, it was preceded by a dance—I think it was called can-can—where about forty people ran about on the stage, looking cracked, and where an Englishman and Scotchman seemed the principal persons to shew off their folly. They were fearfully caricatured, and went like toys that had become excited, and had only one movement to express all their zeal. An intensely stupid dance, and yet, had not human beings been the actors, I might have admired it, as Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle admired the bird-dance, on the way to California. The pheasants, or partridges, met under a tree, and danced wildly, making a worn circle on the grass, and refusing to be frightened, even by men. It was the joy of emotion, the delight of the muscles and nerves, the freedom from thought; and this seems to have been admired in Paris, where they cannot easily exercise the freedom of thought.

But the great scene came at last. After the fun, a representation of the most solemn scene that man can hope to look at—that he can even imagine, the most solemn in which he can ever be engaged, even in the life to come, and that even angels can be supposed to behold. Yes, it was the Resurrection of the Dead, when they shall arise to bliss or sorrow; and above were the heavenly hosts; the threefold glory of Heaven was attempted to be displayed; whilst out from behind the

*This, it must be remembered, was two years ago. *Nous avon change tout cela.*

gravestones came figures in white dresses and crinolines. Shut your eyes—I refuse to proceed. Why should I profane your ears with such tales? Yet Guizot says that no true progress in civilisation takes root till it has passed through France. Must we also pass through the stage of the can-can and the profane theatre? Are these steps in advance? Some people tell me that what I and my friend saw were merely the old Mysteries, and French people looked at the representations out of their natural simplicity of character. I certainly find a strange look of simplicity, as well as something extremely acute, in even ordinary Frenchmen; but, to defend them by saying that they have not advanced beyond the age of the Mysteries, is to convict them of a long standing still, or retrogression. For myself, I scarcely dare say what I think. Riding home in an omnibus, a person, who might be a governess or upper nurse, contradicted a boy that was with her. He affirmed that he was right; she was impatient, and said "the good Jesus told me so." This was silencing to the boy, but by what fraudulent means! Of this there can only be one result. I have seen something of both well and ill-educated classes of people in this country. This feature I never saw. I confess to be unable to understand the French character, whether in the books or in the country.

THE ASSAULT-OF-ARMS.

THE performance is just beginning as we enter the Free Trade Hall, that is to say, the gentleman who acts as Master of the Ceremonies is delivering an opening address, the pith of which appears to be that subscriptions in aid of the Inglis fund will be thankfully received by the committee at the close of the evening. We are glad to see a capital house. The reserved seats are comfortably filled, a phrase which implies comfort on the part of the sitters, who have plenty of room, comfort also in the minds of the performers, who can perceive no unseemly gaps amidst the spectators. On this principle, the second seats are even more than comfortably full, and the gallery decidedly so, being crowded all the way round. As to the sixpenny area, being on the same level, our view is bounded by a crowd of people standing, who may, or may not, reach even to the doors. At any rate, the Assault is a success so far as numbers are concerned. Of course, by far the greater proportion of those present are males, but there is a sprinkling of the fair sex, and the *coup d'œil* is saved from the monotonous dulness of civilian coats by the clusters of scarlet jackets here and there belonging to the soldiers of the King's Dragoon Guards, who have come to witness the feats of their comrades, and discuss the rival merits of their champion, Captain Hutton, and of one of the best amateur fencers in the north of England, Mr. Holliday.

The platform presents quite a brilliant spectacle. Behind the M.C. is a line of some twenty gentlemen in costumes of white and green, white and red, white and all colours—some of them fairly a-blaze with gold and silver medals, won in many an athletic contest, and in such numbers that, if some of these gentlemen continue their victorious career much longer, they will have to hang their medals behind, as well as in front. Mingled with this line of white and gold and silver, is the undress uniform of certain non-commissioned officers and men of the K.D.G., who are about to show us what soldiers can do with sword and bayonet, and also, it would appear from the programme, with such novel weapons, or old weapons brought to light again, as quarter-staff, and Spanish rapier and poniard. Our Manchester readers will pardon us if we devote most of our space to these military performances, partly because of their novelty, partly because Captain Hutton and his men are strangers amongst us, who have freely given their services for a good Manchester cause, and partly because, as the Grand Athletic Festival comes off in a few days, we hope to see all the Manchester gymnasts again on that occasion, and to give them our undivided attention. Besides, they really need no praise. Their reputation is as bright and sterling as are their stars and medals. But to return to the platform. Behind the performers is a scarlet background of the K.D.G. On either side, and scattered up and down, are various gymnastic appliances, parallel bars, poles, gates, and ladders; and, conspicuous among the rest, a sort of high gallows, which suggests involuntary gymnastics of a tragic description. This, we find, is for the trapeze and rings.

The Horse Exercise, which commences the entertainment, is not, as we ignorantly supposed, a rehearsal by the K.D.G. of their usual sword exercise on horseback, minus the horse, but a series of vaultings and other evolutions on a wooden steed, or rounded block of wood on four legs. True to our intention expressed above, we pass over both this and the Exercise on the Parallel Bars, which follows soon afterwards, with the simple remark that we have seen far worse performances by professional acrobats. Our special favourite, Marmon, acquitted himself to perfection on the bars, executing revolution after revolution, apparently without effort, balancing himself heels upwards as steadily as though the muscles of his legs had shifted to his arms, and fully sustaining the reputation he won, among other places, on the Manchester race-ground, last July.

After the Parallel Bars comes the Quarter-Staff, an exercise we need hardly say, not included in the ordinary programme of military duties, and a creditable evidence of voluntary gymnastic ardour on the part of the K.D.G. The length of each quarter-staff is 8 feet 6 inches, and its diameter 1½ inches—an ugly weapon in the hands of a strong man. The two combatants are Privates Hallahan and Winsbury. They are fairly matched as regards size and weight. Grasping their staves firmly in the centre, they advance warily towards each other, and set to work. Their heads are, of course, protected by leather helmets, with wire guards in front, and their bodies by padded jackets. They parry and hit with the upper ends of their weapons, but, now and again, one of them swings the lower end of his staff round, on one side or the other, so as to get under his adversary's guard in an unexpected manner, springing back quickly as soon as he has delivered his hit, in order to recover his own guard. Both men are quick at their work, and there are some good hits given and received on each side. "One more hit," says Captain Hutton, from behind. They have a rattling bout—rattling in a literal sense, as the staves knock against one another; finally the hit is given, and, amidst great applause, the combatants salute the spectators and retire. "Encore!" "Encore!" Continued cheering! Great clapping of hands, and thumping of sticks upon the floor! The British public will have it over again; so back come the two privates, and they set to work once more. This time with a will, and, not content with guarding and hitting at the usual distance, they come to "half-staff," as it is called, and, in fact, to such close quarters that the contest becomes a complete scuffle. At last, Hallahan fairly drives his opponent against the spectators at the back of the platform, the centre of his staff coming against Winsbury's helmet with a succession of sharp raps that make our head ache sympathetically. Louder applause still! The British public exults in anything like a scrimmage. The Quarter-Staff Exercise is a decided success.

The Indian Club Exercise, which comes next, is one which rarely takes as it should do with the public. Few understand its merits, and, unless the clubs be very ponderous, they see little or nothing to applaud. On this occasion, however, Mr. Horsley was greatly cheered. He handled the two great 30lb. clubs with as much apparent ease, though of course with hardly as much grace, as the Brothers Cooper did the light clubs, a few minutes before.

In the Boxing, which follows, it seems to us that hard hitting, with—shall we say it?—not much science, is the order of the day. Give and take is a capital way of winning applause from the spectators, but scarcely the method for displaying scientific sparring. Mr. Greg is wonderfully quick in his returns, and, though the smaller man, has the decided advantage over Mr. Cleminson.

Next comes the Sabre versus Bayonet, an exercise common, now, to most athletic festivals, and, therefore, familiar to most of our readers. Private Jones handles the sword, Private Holgate the bayonet. The swordman parries his opponent's thrusts very skilfully, and makes the most of his weaker weapon. We say "weaker weapon," as it is, we believe, generally acknowledged in military circles that the rifle, with fixed bayonet, has a great advantage, from its weight and length. In the present contest it is more formidable in appearance than reality, as the bayonet works on a spring, and glides back along the barrel of the rifle at the slightest touch. We notice that if Holgate fails in his lunge, he has to retire precipitately, to recover his guard; and the contest closes with Private Jones cleverly rushing in upon him, seizing his rifle with the left hand, and, figuratively, giving him the *coup de grâce* with the right. We don't know whether this would be so easy in real warfare, but it is a very effective manœuvre on the stage.

The Trapeze concludes the first part of the programme. For convenience, we shall couple this and the Rings together, as the same men performed on both, and, indeed, both Trapeze and Rings seem first cousins to one another. Messrs. Henry and Renshaw carried off the palm, in our opinion, in both exercises. That is to say, for showy and graceful evolutions, involving great suppleness and activity; but, for feats of pure muscular strength—and a splendid development of muscle he has!—Mr. Heap decidedly surpassed all his rivals. His performance was not so showy, and, therefore, received less applause than that of Messrs. Henry and Renshaw, but it was none the less wonderful.

Captain Hutton is the first performer in the second part. He is deservedly cheered on coming forward. To his voluntary efforts in the K.D.G. we are indebted for the novel features of the programme, and he has worked hard and willingly towards the success of this undertaking. He proceeds to perform sundry sword feats, in such a cool, business-like way, devoid of all parade and fuss, that, we fancy, the spectators are not at all aware how difficult these feats really are, and how much skill and practice they require. He cuts through a bar of lead, two inches thick. Then, to show the keenness of his blade, and the quickness of his delivery, he next cuts through a sheet of paper, placed half open on the stand. The difficulty in both cases is, that the lead and paper are simply balanced on the stand, and present no more resistance to the sword than their own specific weight, which in the case of the paper is nil. Then he cuts a potato through on his left hand. Next, performs the apparently impossible feat of cutting another potato in two, inside a silk handkerchief, without in any way injuring the latter. Finally, he lays the said handkerchief across the edge of his sword, and, with a rapid movement, severs the silk in two. An unmistakable butcher then brings in an unmistakable sheep, skinned, however, and ready for cutting up. Cut up, or rather cut in two, it soon is, with one vigorous stroke, by Corporal Rooke. We venture to affirm that he would have performed the feat with almost as much ease if the sheep had been a larger one.

The Broad-sword contest, which follows, is really Single-stick with sabres. At first, the Regimental Sergeant-Major (Murphy) has the best of it, delivering his points very neatly, but Troop Sergeant-Major Sagar gets well in with some slashing cuts on helmet and breast. On the whole, they are pretty evenly matched, until Captain Hutton says "Last hit!" when, after a brilliant counter, Sagar presses on his opponent, sends his sword flying out of his hand, causes him to stumble backwards, and stands over him, with sword pointed at his breast. This is the second grand situation of the evening, and fairly brings down the house. An encore is attempted, but fortunately (considering the hour) is not obtained.

In the High Leaping, Mr. Law manages a standing leap of 4 feet 7 inches. Duckworth, who comes in second, amuses the spectators by falling after nearly every jump. In the running leaps, Duckworth, Corbett, and Cooper all do remarkably well, Duckworth, however, easily out-leaping all competitors, and finally clearing the height of 5 feet 5 inches, amidst much cheering.

The next item is Bayonet Fencing, or Bayonet versus Bayonet, by our old friends Winsbury and Hallahan. They have been taught this exercise by Captain Hutton, according to the system laid down in his book on *Swordmanship and Bayonet Fencing*. It is an exercise which ought to be well learnt, at all events by every infantry regiment. The contest proves intensely amusing. Hallahan, who is given to rapid retreats, tumbles, head over heels—helmet, rifle, bayonet, and all—over the side of the platform, and disappears from vision. Recovered, and put upon his legs, he next comes to close quarters with his antagonist, who forces him back, step by step, against the worthy M.C., and there is a grand crash and scrimmage. Not content with this, Mr. Hallahan tries a final bout, in the course of which he gets to close quarters again, and into difficulties for the third time: Winsbury seizing his rifle with one hand, while, with the other, shortening his own bayonet, he *makes believe* to stab him through and through.

Now comes the great event of the evening, the Fencing between Captain Hutton and Mr. Holliday, the pupil of Angelo and Gillemand on the one side, and of Chiosso and Bertrand on the other. Here our pen falters. To describe the contest properly, we should require as much space as we have already occupied. To describe it otherwise is to describe it not at all. There was too much science displayed on each side to allow of startling situations; and a great deal of it was, we fear, *caviare* to the spectators.

The last contest we have space for, is the Spanish Rapier and Poniard encounter between Captain Hutton and Sergeant Major Sagar. It is a peculiar exercise, to say the least of it,—peculiar in the weapons used, and the attitudes of the combatants. Captain Hutton professes to have closely followed the instructions laid down by Salvator Fabris, in a work written for Christian IV. of Denmark, A.D. 1606. Each swordman uses a rapier with his right hand, and a daggar or poniard in his left. The rapier has a long narrow blade, forty-five inches long, or about a foot longer than the cavalry sabre. It has a curious hilt, with a sort of cross-bar of steel projecting on each side, and used for bearing down an opponent's guard. The poniard is fourteen inches in length. The combatants parry and lunge with their rapiers, after the fashion of ordinary fencing, but with much more demonstrative posturing, while they watch their opportunity for getting-in a mortal thrust with their poniards. Two or three such sudden stabs did Captain Hutton administer to his adversary. On the whole it is a sort of *double* fencing very difficult to follow, and, we should think, more than very difficult to learn. It took very well, however, from its novelty and quaintness; and both the combatants fully merited the applause which followed their performance.

THE GERMAN CHURCH.

[WRIGHT STREET, GREENHEYS.]

VERY few people have ever been to the German Church in Wright Street. Quietly and modestly, it stands in its retired nook; thousands of church-goers and chapel-goers pass and repass within a stone's throw of it every Sunday morning, on their way to the various fashionable places of worship in which our favoured city abounds, not a few walk by its very doors, but not many have ever entered its portals. And yet, it were well worth while, once in a way at least, for any one acquainted with the German language to seek a Sunday morning's respite from the bustle of our crowded streets, and, shall we add, from the noisy fervour of some of our popular preachers, in this still retreat. Nay, it may even be said that a sermon such as may be heard, week by week, in the German Protestant Church, would well repay the trouble of learning the language.

The service begins, as pretty nearly all religious services in Manchester do, at half-past ten o'clock; that is, the congregation begins to assemble, and the organ begins to play in an admonitory kind of manner, at that hour. The frequenters of the church are few in number, and well-to-do in appearance. It must not, however, be supposed that the spiritual interests of the poorer Germans in Manchester are overlooked. There is another German Church in Park Street, Cheetham, in which neighbourhood most of the poorer class dwell, and there a religious service is performed, and a sermon preached, suited to their capacities and tastes. But, to return to Wright Street. On entering, the stranger's eye will probably be caught by a list of names, headed by that of the clergyman, and composing what is called the Presbyterium of the church. Of the precise powers and functions of the gentlemen who constitute this body we can give no exact account, but they would appear to stand much in the same relation to the church in Wright Street as that which the Consistorium bears to the state churches in Germany. This much is certain, that a German clergyman holding a foreign chaplaincy is far freer from the control of any home authorities than is the case with ministers of the Church of England. An English clergyman abroad runs the risk of being considered amenable to two distinct jurisdictions, which sometimes clash with one another—viz., the jurisdiction of the Crown, and that of a metropolitan bishop. A German clergyman in England, or elsewhere out of Germany, provided, at any rate, he have a tolerant presbyterium, seems at perfect liberty to think, and to teach, according to the dictates of his conscience. Whether the presbyterium choose the minister, or the minister chooses the presbyterium, or they both choose one another, is a question we are unable to answer.

The service is in the usual German style of long hymns and short prayers. Members of the Church of England will miss somewhat painfully their unequalled liturgy, but none can fail to be struck with the

quiet solemnity, the spirit of earnest devotion, which seems a part of the very place. This effect is greatly aided by the organ, which is good without being loud, and well played, not pretentiously fingered. It does not usher you in with a distant cannonade and dismiss you with a sudden thunderclap, as though it wanted to get rid of you, which is the case in some churches. The singing is of the same orderly, self-contained kind, unspoiled by the shrieking of women or the howling of men. The hymns, according to custom in German churches, are not given out by a precentor or clerk, but are marked upon tablets hung round the walls of the church, the numbers being changed for each Sunday, on the principle of a billiard register.

The minister is never present when the service commences, which it does by the singing of three or four verses of a hymn, but always comes from the vestry just as the last verse is being sung. He then stands at the communion table, which is just before the pulpit, and opens the service by a set form of invocation to the Deity, the solemnity of which is something that must be heard to be understood. Then follows the reading of the Scriptures, in which he allows himself complete liberty to alter Luther's translation wherever it is incorrect, or to leave out whatever is beside the train of thought which his own mind is pursuing. After this another hymn is sung, and the minister retires during the singing to the vestry, and, reappearing again, mounts the pulpit stairs, and after a short extempore prayer, consisting usually of but one short sentence, gives out his text and begins his sermon. The principle upon which the German Church—at any rate, the United Evangelical section of it, for it is this form of Protestantism which the church in Wright Street represents—arranges its services seems to be that it is desirable to see as little of the clergyman as possible. Perhaps, as a matter of taste, it is preferable to that form of Anglicanism which favours the congregation with an extensive view of clergymen's backs during a great portion of the proceedings.

The Rev. Hermann Edward Marotsky is known to so few persons in Manchester that he may be well described in Wordsworth's lines, as

> A man whom there are few to praise,
> And very few to love.

And yet one can hardly do Manchester the injustice of doubting that, were he but an Englishman, with the same gifts and the same worth, his church would long since have been the largest and most crowded in our town. He has preached, we believe, for fourteen years in Manchester, and yet he shows no signs of intellectual and spiritual exhaustion. To a regular attendant at his church he never appears to repeat himself, and though, from the depth of his mind he is sometimes hard to follow, he never grows wearisome for a moment. He seldom preaches for less than an hour, and yet the feeling produced is that his sermon is just the right length, but rather too short than too long. It would be difficult to select one of his discourses that could be called better than another, while the greater freshness of recollection makes each appear to excel the one that went before it. The sermon of last Sunday but one had perhaps the peculiar interest of being a plainer declaration of personal belief than most that we have heard from him. He took two texts at once (it is not uncommon with him to preach from three)—Matt. 28-19, and John 3-11. He introduced his subject by pointing out in a wonderfully persuasive and attractive manner, how Christian maturity ever tends to return from the labyrinths of dogmatism to the simplicity of the earliest Christian creed. He then showed—1st, the natural and indissoluble connection between the three parts of this first and simplest confession of the church; 2ndly, the intenseness of conviction which it expressed and ever must express for Christians the more simply it is clung to, and the more independent it consequently becomes of criticism and the tide of opinion which work destructively only upon its superfluous accretions. Finally, he drew a practical lesson from the subject, namely, the distinction to be kept in mind between sincerity of heart and correctness of opinion; and the denial of the spiritual truths of our nature involved in trying to found a union of men's hearts in a unity of opinion, instead of a union of opinion on a unity of fellow-feeling, as the first Christians did.

The whole air and manner of the preacher was, as it always is, of one inspired. He stands not as one who is obliged to talk, but as one who cannot forbear. His venerable look, and the calm serenity of his bearing, even during his most impassioned utterances, make one think that one sees a man who, by sheer dint of a patient life and a noble spirit, has raised himself so far above the troubles of this world, the bitterness of theological strife, and the darkness of spiritual doubt, that Goldsmith's grand simile, used of the village preacher, may well apply to him—

> As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
> Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

And yet, the peacefulness and assurance are not such as belong to an uninquring spirit, but rather tell us of a man who has doubted much to believe more. We can imagine no kind of preaching so likely to do good, at the present time, to any one of a thoughtful mind. To such the German church will seem like an oasis in the desert, where thirsty travellers may stop and drink, and take water with them for another seven days' journey through the wilderness.

SHAKESPERE ON THE WEATHER.

> The seasons alter. Hoary headed frosts
> Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
> And on old Hyems' chin and icy crown
> An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
> Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
> The childing autumn, angry winter, change
> Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
> By their increase, now knows not which is which.
>
> MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THERE is now being played in Manchester, at the Prinee's Theatre, a burlesque-operetta which has attracted a good deal of notice in London. It is not entirely new to us, having already been performed here by the members of the staff of *Punch;* and is the farce of *Box and Cox*, burlesqued by Mr. Burnand, and set to music by Mr. Arthur Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan has performed his part of the work with eminent success—with such success, indeed, as to intensify our regret that his powers are not employed upon a worthier piece. For when we come to assess the value of the triumviretta, as it is called, we are compelled—as we often are, in the case of performances which have attracted a good deal of notice in London—to mingle a portion of Manchester judgment with the admiration of the less critical metropolis. From the name, "triumviretta," it will be correctly inferred that Mrs. Bouncer, the proprietor of the bolster, is transformed into a man; so that the noble elements of modern burlesque are not wanting in it. *Cox and Box* is, indeed, a musical extravaganza; and as such, while we cannot withhold our admiration from its music, we are equally unable to help emptying upon it those vials of contempt which we keep in readiness for almost all burlesques, and which the other samples of that genus brought by Mr. Burnand have largely helped to fill. Such specimens will never, grace be praised, become acclimatized to Manchester; and considering the trivial character of the programme offered, we are not altogether sorry that Mr. Burnand's visit is confined to four nights. This gentleman buries the occasional pearls of his indubitable talents in, perhaps, more rubbish than any other humourist since the lamentable invention of puns. If the author of *Happy Thoughts* would eschew the idiocies of burlesque, would write one half the quantity of stuff he does, and would submit what he did write to numerous and rigorous revisions, he might produce work that would enrich literature. But by no means are we of opinion that Mr. Burnand does not know best what to do, himself; and still less do we mean to say that he is doing wrong in endeavouring to enrich himself before enriching literature—the two expressions being anything but synonymous. Still, until he does work for art, criticism should be chary of its commendation; and we feel constrained to say that the operetta of *Box and Cox* is not one tithe as amusing as the farce of *Box and Cox*. The burlesque of *Billy Taylor*, in which Mr. Burnand assumes the leading part, has not a single redeeming feature. Its puns are execrable, its plot wearisome, and its whole effect depressing and melancholy. To the majority of the audience the fall of the curtain, we imagine, was felt as a positive relief.

Another marriage advertisement is contradicted in the papers. It is commonly supposed that there is an end to all things, but to fools there

seems to be none. Your practical joker is the dullest of buffoons. Compared to him a circus-clown is a humourist. Everybody but him arrived long ago at the conclusion that there is nothing funny in the dastardly lie of inserting a false advertisement of marriage in the papers; and there is not even novelty to make a petty compensation for the pain and injury inflicted by the miserable jest. There is no knowing how much unhappiness is sometimes caused, how many pleasant companionships are dissolved, and how much mortification and misunderstanding is induced, by these contemptible and cowardly attempts at being funny. The wish to be humourous appears to blind some persons to all considerations of good feeling and humanity. Nothing is the cause of more of the small unhappinesses of existence than jests; and this wretched perversion of their use is rendered the more odious by their very mission being to add to life's little happinesses. The contemptible ranks of practical jokers contain no more despicable member than the practical liar in births, marriages, and deaths. Lynch-law is almost good enough for such individuals. In the words, spoken anent another class of persons, of Mr. (ex-Alderman) Mackie—a real humourist, and not a fruitless essayer to be one—"They don't deserve justice!"

The split between the Council of the Botanical Gardens and the Royal Horticultural Society seems to be attaining to the dimensions of a chasm; and unless some horticultural Curtius arises—or rather, descends—the approaching flower show will be held somewhere else. This unforeseen mishap will be especially disappointing to the many subscribers to the gardens who have this year taken season-tickets on the faith of the show being held there, but we presume that on this occasion the motto of the society will be—No money returned, after the parties have once left the counter. The disappointment will not, however, be confined to stray subscribers, or even to regular members, but will be shared by many of the outside public, who intended to become the inside public on the day. The holding of the flower show in so close proximity to the cattle show, would have divided the people in a most convenient manner, and would have been in several respects advantageous; but all human transactions are liable to the sudden eruption of misunderstandings, that can no more be foreseen or provided against than volcanic eruptions, which they resemble in many regards, with the exception of usefulness and rarity. So far as we understand the dispute, the objection of the Royal Horticultural Society is to the large number of subscribers to the Botanical Gardens, who must according to the conditions of their subscriptions be admitted free. Under these circumstances, would it not remunerate the council of the gardens to pay to the Royal Horticultural Society a capitation fee on all subscribers beyond the number originally contemplated by the latter? This would necessitate no breach of honour with the subscribers, and would obviate the disappointment and inconvenience of the show being held elsewhere. Moreover, it appears to us to be a question, whether having no Show at all is not as great a breach of faith with members as charging them an entrance-fee.

The annual Cricket Match between eighteen of the Broughton Club and Eleven of England took place at Broughton last week, with this difference, that George Parr's All England Eleven were changed for the South of England United Eleven, under the captaincy of Willsher. Notwithstanding the very unfavourable weather of the last two days, the match was brought to a satisfactory conclusion on the Saturday, Broughton winning with eleven wickets to go down. The South of England commenced their innings on the Thursday at one o'clock, and remained in for the rest of the day, the last wicket falling to a total score of 113. The bowling on the part of Hickton and Emmett, the Broughton professionals, was all that could be desired, About a quarter of an hour before the conclusion of the innings, Mr. Payne went on at Hickton's end, and quickly brought things to a conclusion. Friday was a miserably wet day. The game was resumed by Broughton going to the wickets at four o'clock, but so bad was the light that they were all got rid of by seven o'clock, Willsher's bowling proving very destructive. On Saturday the fielding on both sides was particularly good. Mr. F. W. Wright batted with remarkable freedom, and carried out his bat. The gingerbread man informed us at the beginning of the Broughton innings, that "Frank meant to pull off the match, but if he couldn't Joe could." However, the services of the deputy coroner were not required. But see what it is to achieve a reputation at Cricket! You receive the support and patronage of Ormskirk at once. Although the match was played amidst fog and drizzle, there was a large concourse of spectators. Those who used to save their shillings and sixpences by standing on the elevated street behind the wickets, were shut out by the erection of a large canvas screen, and were driven to the distant high ground in Great Clowes Street, where they looked like so many spectres looming through the mist. Not even the sunbeams shed by the presidential countenance from underneath a large umbrella, nor the smiles which wreathed the visage of the learned treasurer of the club, could dispel the fog. The captain of the Broughton team did wonders in the match, and is as active as ever, but he is up to most things, and is in fact—Diabolus.

The marriage of the Marquis of Huntley and Miss Brooks, of this city, will be solemnized next month, at Westminster Abbey, with full choral service. The Prince and Princess of Wales will be present at the ceremony.

A ZOOLOGICAL RAMBLE ROUND BELLE VUE.

[FIRST PAPER.]

SOME thirty years since, when the Zoological Gardens in Higher Broughton were given up for want of support, because they were not allowed to be open upon Sundays, Mr. Jennison had a small collection of animals at Belle Vue. At that time these "gardens," planted in the dreary wilderness of Hyde Road, had but a faint resemblance to the extensive grounds of which they now consist, and which have been developed by the enterprise and great capacity for organisation which the proprietors possess, into an out-door place of amusement that has few equals of its kind in the kingdom. With good judgment and perseverance Messrs. Jennison have added to their collection of animals, and kept improving the arrangements for their comfort and preservation, so that they form a permanent source of attraction, and afford both pleasure and instruction to visitors. At no place, except the Zoological Gardens in London and Paris, have we seen wild animals and birds so well provided for. On Sunday afternoons, when the usual week-day attractions of the place are closed, numbers of people who are not deterred by religious scruples, visit these gardens, and give their almost undivided attention to the zoological collection.

The show of birds is particularly good. Close to the main entrance from Hyde Road, the macaws and cockatoos occupy, at this season, their old quarters in the open air, on stands, to which they are secured by chains. On entering the grounds the discordant screams of these birds of varied and gorgeous plumage are the first sounds one hears. They appear to take much delight in acrobatic exercises, and with beak and claw are always at work, turning topsy-turvy, hauling themselves up by one leg, and indulging in all manner of exercises practised by modern athletes. The cockatoo is a most sagacious bird, and, like the sea-gull, is easily tamed. A gentleman of our acquaintance possesses one which roams about wherever it chooses, and has many accomplishments, including considerable powers of speech.

Adjoining these noisy chattering creatures, a new aviary has been built, a light, airy, and capacious compartment, subdivided into numerous cages, containing vultures, eagle and horned owls, parrots, hawks, and the like; and in the lower cages kangaroos, opossums, porcupines, racoons, and other animals of similar species. Adjoining this is a second aviary, in which is a large compartment set apart for a vast collection of small birds. This is one of the most attractive features of the exhibition. It contains a great variety of birds, including doves, American blue-birds, indigo birds, nightingales, parrakeets, finches, waxbills, and numerous other specimens. These birds may be almost

said to be living in a state of nature, and with them

> Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage.

Many of them are busily engaged constructing nests, composed of grass, chiefly of a conical shape. They are suspended from the boughs of trees put up for the purpose, and are of the most ingenious and wonderful construction. These birds, although they keep up a constant noise and chatter, appear to live harmoniously together. The aviary is very tastefully arranged, and here, as well as throughout the whole establishment, a constant supply of running water is provided. A bird drinking is always a pretty sight, and here it may be witnessed at any moment.

Next to this house, is a large, lofty, roomy cage, occupied by a lion and lioness. After seeing the small cramped cages in which the King of Beasts is confined in travelling menageries, it is quite a pleasure to witness the spacious apartments which are prepared for him at Belle Vue. His majesty is not a very extraordinary specimen of his race, and seemed to us to be rather slack about his loins. A few winters back, we believe Mr. Jennison had the misfortune to lose several animals from the severity of the weather, which may account for the deficiency of the collection in lions and tigers; of the latter, indeed, there is no specimen. There is something very much resembling the human countenance in the face of a lion. He has a grave and melancholy expression, and if the pretty story of Androcles and the Lion is to be credited—and we are not going to begin doubting it at this time of day—he must be possessed of sound moral qualities, and a grateful, affectionate disposition. Unlike his stealthy, savage, treacherous rival, the tiger, the lion is a noble beast, not given to cruelty, and only slays his victim when he desires to dine. He is slow to anger, but when thoroughly roused his rage is terrible. The wild animals at Belle Vue must by this time have become habituated to the roar and din of battle, and inured to all the pomp and circumstance of war, from the experience which they have had in the various sieges and stormings of Sebastopol, Delhi, Magdala, and other strongholds; but at first one would think the noise and clamour must have considerably disturbed their equanimity. Some time since a party of gentlemen paid a midnight visit to the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, and the unusual occurrence, accompanied by the flashes of lanterns, caused a dreadful uproar among the animals, who startled the whole neighbourhood. At Belle Vue, however, they are veterans who have smelt gunpowder, and have got over the effects of cannon, rockets, blue lights, and the various coruscations of fireworks. On the occasion of our visit, the lion at Belle Vue seemed to be in a cynical mood, for, after gazing loftily around him for a few seconds, he coolly turned his back upon the spectators and lay down with much dignity. Two hours afterwards we found him in precisely the same position. When the Sultan was over here last year, it was alleged that it was beneath his Oriental dignity and decorum to manifest the slightest surprise or admiration for anything; we presume the Monarch of the Forest, although a captive, is actuated by similar motives. The lioness lay at the other end of the apartment, but she faced the audience. If she slept she kept one eye open, and particularly wide-awake and wicked she looked.

The monkey house is situated close to the cockatoos, with whom, at times, they keep up a sort of rivalry in clamour. Several cages, containing small monkeys, surround the walls, and in our presence a tremendous uproar occurred in one of the compartments, caused by a fight between two monkeys, the others accompanying the battle with a medley of sounds something like those made by spectators at a prize fight. The centre of the monkey house is filled with a large cage, fitted up something like a gymnasium, with rings suspended from the roof, a flying trapeze, numerous poles, cross bars, and ladders. This large cage, which extends from floor to ceiling, is inhabited by a number of apes and large baboons, some of them of a most repulsive-looking aspect. It is remarkable that, in the brute creation, the nearer they approach to the human type, the more revolting is the animal. Nevertheless, the monkeys are amusing. One old female seized a smaller animal, and commenced searching on its head for fleas, precisely as we saw a tramp, the other day, hunting for parasites on the head of her child as they were seated by the roadside. They are a most inquisitive set of creatures. One of them got hold of an ostrich feather, which a girl took from her hat and gave to him. First he turned it over and over, and minutely inspected it. Then, as we once saw a farmer do with a piece of manure, he smelt it and finally tasted it, as a connoisseur of wine does. Having satisfied himself that it was not edible matter, he ran up the ladder with it, and, perching himself upon a small shelf near the roof, he proceeded to pull it to pieces. After finishing the work of destruction he came down again, and mutely, but with beseeching eyes, implored for another feather or something else to amuse himself with. A fixed wooden ladder seemed to be either a source of great amusement or antipathy to another ape, for he kept seizing hold of it with his long muscular arms and shaking it with such violence as to make the whole place vibrate. The agility and strength with which they climb, and jump, and swing themselves from place to place, is remarkable; and some of their actions, such as scratching themselves and cracking nuts, are ridiculously like those of the human race. But besides this likeness in the monkeys and in the lion already mentioned, we were repeatedly struck by a resemblance which many of the animals have to human beings. Even the huge Roman-nosed bison reminded us of an acquaintance, and an old pelican, which was resting half asleep, with its breast puffed out, looked exactly like a long-nosed, fat alderman in a state of repletion, enjoying his after-dinner nap. If the missing link is not to be found at Belle Vue, there is something very like an approach to it.

Turning from the monkey house to the left, and in the direction of the large lake, on which two steamers are plying, we come in sight of the bear-pits; but as we reach these dens, and before paying any attention to their occupants, a certain peculiar smell tells us that we are in the vicinity of foxes. Leaving the bears, therefore, for the moment, we literally follow our nose, and feel almost disposed to give tongue like a hound. Immediately behind the bear-pits, and ensconced upon the ground, we find Master "Charlie" and his family. Although comfortably housed, and with no chance of being startled by the music of the chase, the "varmint" looks as wary, crafty, and wicked as ever. Possibly he may be sighing for the gorse covers in Cheshire, and licking his chops over imaginary pheasants and rabbits. This little animal, which the Americans shoot and Englishmen hunt, is a favourite of man, and well he may be, for, at the sacrifice of his life, he has afforded him many a day's healthy recreation. At Belle Vue he has for his neighbours some small blue specimens of his own species, and in close and appropriate proximity, his natural neighbour, the badger. The fox, when at large, with his usual disregard to what is honest, and his habitual confusion betwixt *meum* and *tuum*, appropriates to himself the earth or hole which has been formed by the badger. This frequently penetrates many yards into the interior, and, in course of time, becomes a capacious residence and a perfect charnel house of bones and skeletons. The badger at Belle Vue is a tough-looking

gentleman, coiled up in a deal box. He appeared sulky, and disinclined to show himself. Spending an entire existence in a box with a little sawdust is certainly not a very lively life, but he may thank his stars that he is not doomed to be daily seized by the nose or throat, and dragged into light by savage bulldogs and terriers, probably with a muzzle on his own jaws, for the delectation of their masters. Possibly the badger which we saw at Belle Vue was brooding on the wrongs of his race.

THE FREEMASONS AND THEIR CLUB.

IT is an old axiom that men reverence most what they understand least, and perhaps this is the reason why we always had so great an amount of reverence for Freemasonry. We say "always," for, going back to childhood—and, alas! it is beginning to be a long journey—we can remember a grown-up relative who was a mason, and the mysterious awe with which he was invested in our very young eyes, even as his body was actually invested with apron, cuffs, and collar, now and then, for our special benefit and admiration. He was, or he had been, master of some lodge, and possessed a wonderful medal of blue enamel and silver, more precious in our estimation than the Koh-i-noor, whereon was a strange device, which we have since identified with the diagram of the 47th Proposition of the First Book of Euclid, but the meaning of which, as a masonic badge, we know no more about even now than we did then. Strange legends, too, have grown up with us from those early days, all tending to deepen the delightful mysteries of Freemasonry; the terrible branding on a tender part of the human frame, which made us, albeit very much afraid of water, anxiously desirous of bathing with the aforesaid masonic relative; the solemn oaths, and drawn swords, and strange dresses, and ceremonies not to be witnessed by any except the initiated; above all, the Secret!—the wonderful, inscrutable, unfathomable Secret!—the mystery beyond all mysteries, hundreds of years old, the knowledge of which was locked in masonic breasts, and might not be revealed, under penalty of—we knew not what—but something too awful to think of, say horrible ghosts immediately appearing in blue flames, and seizing the offender, after the fashion of the final scene in a penny drama we were taken to by our nurse, at Knot Mill Fair.

We have made, as we said, a long journey since those happy, credulous, childish days, and still we are strangely attracted towards Freemasonry, partly because of these old traditions and memories, partly because we still know so little about it, but chiefly because of the little we *do* know—the brotherly love and charity on which the system is founded, the many active works of benevolence which that system has originated, and still supports. The guild, society, brotherhood, or whatever it is called, of Freemasonry, appears to be a well organised scheme for mutual help, blended with social intercourse and conviviality. Whether this scheme might not be carried on just as well without so much mystery, ceremony, and fuss; whether it is necessary to lug in Solomon, the Knights-Templars, and all sorts of people long defunct; whether compasses and levels, badges and aprons, triangles and swords, are of any use for purposes of brotherly love, charity, and conviviality, it is not our province to enquire. Suffice it simply to wonder and admire.

There exists in Manchester a certain building called the Freemasons' Hall, situated in Cooper Street, and very close to the apex of the triangle on which will shortly stand the new Town Hall. This hall has not been erected more than five or six years, but already the mantle of antiquity, in other words, a covering of Manchester soot, has fallen upon it. It has too many projecting cornices, too many nooks and crannies, about its exterior for such an atmosphere as ours, and accordingly it has a dingy and somewhat melancholy look, in perfect keeping with the rest of the street. It is the home of Manchester Freemasonry, even as its name implies. Within its walls are held the solemn meetings, are performed the elaborate ceremonies, initiations, rites, and ritualism of masonry; not to speak of the teas and suppers wherewith the brethren enliven their monthly gatherings. Here also, an institution within an institution, is the Freemasons' Club; and through this club, and, therefore, through the Freemasons' Hall, we were taken the other day, by the kindness of a free and accepted mason and member of the club. Nay, more—do we live to tell it?—not only were we privileged to cross the sacred threshold, to walk through the mystery-haunted chambers, and to penetrate into the innermost recesses of the masonic temple, but also to carry away with us recollections of a dinner which at least was sufficient guarantee for the proficiency of masonic cooks, and the excellence of masonic living. In what other Manchester club could we have met with such veritable '47 port—rich, delicate, ruby-coloured, clear, and fragrant?

The Masonic Hall is used by eleven lodges, three chapters, and two encampments (we have not the faintest idea what these distinctions mean, but tell the tale as 'twas told to us), in other words, by all, or nearly all, the masonic societies in Manchester. The meetings of these societies are arranged so as not to clash one with another, and they take place in the case of each society about once a month. As, however, they take place in the evening, and as there are more rooms in the building than are usually required for the carrying on of masonic business or festivity, the Freemasons' Club finds shelter under the same roof, appropriates the rooms not required by lodge or chapter, and even uses the large dining-room as its own until five p.m., after which hour this apartment is the property, for the time being, of the lodge which may chance to meet that evening. The club consists of about two hundred members, all free and accepted masons, and chosen by ballot out of the various lodges. Any mason is eligible for election, but it by no means follows that every mason who offers himself is elected. Pilling is as common, it would appear, in the Freemasons' Club as in any other. We are not aware what sort of election a man has to pass through before he can become a mason at all, but, presuming that he has to satisfy the members of the lodge he wishes to join, of his character and respectability, it would seem that entrance into the Freemasons' Club is doubly difficult, and requires a test within a test, eligibility beyond eligibility itself. For cheapness it surpasses any club we have in Manchester, the entrance fee being only three guineas, and the annual subscription two. The charges for dinner, supper, and other refreshments, are also, we believe, most moderate.

We have used the terms dingy and melancholy in speaking of the exterior of the Freemasons' Hall; alas! we are compelled to apply them to the interior also. Light and colour are seriously needed. Some of the rooms, as, for instance, the dining room, are dark and sombre to a degree. Even the great room itself, *the* Hall, as it appears to be called, by way of distinction, wherein the lodges, chapters, and encampments celebrate their rites and ceremonies, stands greatly in need of light and ornament; though possibly solemn gloom may be a necessary feature of masonic spectacles; and, indeed, as these spectacles are held in the evening, the hall may very probably be seldom used in the daylight at all. In justice to the club, we must state that the members have thoroughly renewed three of the rooms under their own control, and that they intend to cleanse and beautify their library and billiard room. As for the rest of the building—the passages, dining room, grand hall, and ante-rooms—they must be left, we presume, to the tender mercies of the whole collected body of Manchester masons, or such dignitaries as have charge of the place.

The ground-floor appears to have no connection with the rest of the building, and is used as a public restaurant. On the first floor we were shown into a small committee room, hung round with photograms of masonic pic-nics, and the layings of foundation stones; also into the dining room, which we have already described as large and gloomy. There are oil paintings on the walls, portraits of masonic chiefs and worthies, as, for instance, the Grand Master of England, Lord Zetland. Thence we were shown, still on the same floor, into three rooms, the exclusive property of the club, and already referred to as having been lately re-decorated. The first is the smoking room, but, in addition to being very small for such a purpose, it appears that members smoke in the library during the afternoon, and therefore this, the orthodox smoking room, is really as little used as it appears to be. The card room is a regular well, lighted only by a small sky-

light. A private dining room completes the suite on the first floor. On the next, we were taken into the library, though why so named it would be difficult to say, considering that a few almost empty shelves are the only visible traces of books present or absent. It is also the reading room, but papers there seemed to be none, except a *Times* and *Standard*. The rest, we were told, had been taken into the dining room. In fact, this latter apartment appears to be used indifferently for dining, conversation, and reading. The walls of the library are plentifully adorned with portraits of past masters of Lancashire lodges, to the number of thirty-five. The billiard room presents no feature worthy of especial notice. Like all other club billiard rooms, it seems to be well patronised.

Finally, we were conducted into the great hall, sacred to masonic mysteries, and seldom, we should fancy, entered by beings uninitiated, like ourselves. Spacious and lofty, lighted from the roof, adorned with sundry statues, representing, we believe, Mercy, Truth, and the like; hung round also with (we must use our own terms and ideas) the charters granted to the various lodges; perfectly free from furniture in the centre, but with rows of seats on either side, and three thrones, one at each end, and a third midway between them, against the side wall—such is the general appearance of the hall. The thrones, like the rest of the hall, are adorned with emblematic devices, to us inscrutable. We looked with reverence; we read the titles of the various lodges; we trod the sacred precincts from end to end; and then, feeling rather oppressed by so much mystery, not to speak of the solemn gloom above referred to, we returned to those parts of the building more, if we may use the terms, secular and congenial.

As compared with other Manchester clubs, the Conservative, for instance, or the Clarendon, the Freemasons' has two distinctive features—cheapness and homely comfort. It owes the first to the administrative ability of its small, compact committee, the second to the fact that the cuisine and general arrangements are under the superintending care of a lady-housekeeper. Although burdened by a high rental, the committee, consisting of only five members, all workers, have managed to make ends meet, and something more. They may be said, indeed, to have solved the difficult problem—how to combine comfort and economy in connection with club life.

HIGH 'CHANGE.

IF a man were of the temper of the melancholy Jacques, and wanted to "moral on the time," he would find matter enough for his humour in a survey of the Rialto from its gallery on a market-day, at the hour of "High 'Change." We were musing there the other day, standing by the clock—the point from which we were told illustrious strangers and popular statesmen occasionally address their oratorical civilities to the Mercuries below—wondering at the sound that arose so eloquent in the mass, and as to individual voices, so unintelligible. We were listening to the incarnate voice of English commerce.

"What a mysterious uproar," we ejaculated, gazing below and abroad at the writhing, seething synagogue of busy Lancashire.

"Sounds like the sea, doesn't it," remarked a friend at our elbow.

"Or all the builders of Babel, after they had got rid of the Tower, and hadn't got rid of the habit of howling for mortar all at once," remarked a mutual acquaintance, who stood beside us.

We said we wouldn't vouch for Babel, but thought we had heard something like it on the Lancashire coast, when the tide comes roaring in, and yet we missed, we said, the lulls and cadences of sea music. This sound was more monotonous. It reminded us more of the muffled thunder of machinery—the mechanical orchestra heard and felt in the staircase of a great factory building.

"By George!" exclaimed he of the Tower of Babel, listening to the roar again, "you're right; there's bobbins in it."

"Such a noise it is, I should think," said the other, heedless of the irreverent suggestion of 'bobbins,' "that warns men of an earthquake. Perhaps the weltering crowd of schemers below may hear something of that kind when they make their final bargain at Jehosophat."

"Talking of earthquakes," rejoined our 'Babel' friend (whose name by the way was Wittrill), the folk below are actually reeling in the shock of an earthquake while we are looking at 'em."

"What kind of an earthquake?" we enquired, waiting to hear where the laugh was to come in.

"The earthquake of bankruptcy!" he answered. "That struggling passionate mass—all those quietly tumultuous people at our feet don't perhaps make up a particularly heroic spectacle, do they?" exclaimed the speaker, looking down at them with an expression that said, on the whole, that he was rather sorry for it. We frankly confessed that the scene presented some difficulties to the painter, and mightn't look impressive on canvass, but that perhaps the historian or the poet might—"

"Exactly," interrupted our vehement friend, sweeping away poets and historians as an impertinence.

"Do you happen to know," he went on, "what's the amountof capital invested in the cotton trade!"

We had heard two or three hundred millions sterling mentioned.

"You're near enough," he hastily rejoined. "Well, when you look down on the great floor below you, you see the owners or representatives of property that has cost all the money you mention—money that before Sadowa would have bought half a dozen little kingdoms, and a principality over."

We remarked that "they didn't look it."

"How much," he continued, "do you think they could borrow in the money market on all that property, if they happened to want the money to-morrow?"

"Perhaps two-thirds of the amount," we hazarded diffidently.

"Not a farthing more than fifteen per cent. of that two or three hundred millions," Wittrill broke in. The other anticipating the answer to Wittrill's question, "Ten would be nearer the mark," he added correctively. "Well; *you* know if anybody does," rejoined Wittrill. "A baddish look out for Lancashire that, isn't it?" we interrogated rather gravely.

"It *is* rum," replied Wittrill, gazing with a bewildered air iuto a distant horizon. "Bnt," pursued he, "they bear it very well. You see they have been in such a condition of pitch-and-toss since the American war began, that they have got to be callous and incredulous about the plainest figures of arithmetic. Now-a-days a man never believes he's ruined until he is. He counts in 'the odd trick.' Like Affable Hawk, in the comedy, he remembers that 'the world has only twenty-four hours to turn round in,' and if you'll only give him a little time, he swears that he's sure to recover. And, by—Gustavus," added he emphatically, "he does recover wonderfully often—for a while. Besides," he went on, "a lot of these fellows have acquired the gambler's impassability of face and manner, and don't wear their hearts upon their sleeve. Moreover, they have got to be like Hamlet, and 'defy augury.' You see that merry beggar, with a lot of belly, grinning at some waggery of the man in the white hat," said he, nodding at a pair in the pit. We espied the laughing traders in question, and said so. "To my certain knowledge, that chap (I mean the fat one) will be in the *Gazette* in a week—and he knows it. But Nero *will* fiddle, you see."

"Perhaps," we suggested slyly, "he may yet have twenty-four hours to turn round in."

"He's had em," rejoined the other curtly, "and he hasn't turned round in 'em. And there are scores in that crowd who are commercially dead men at this minute, who are merely dodging about to evade the undertaker," he added by way of a cheerful generalisation. "Let's go below, as they say aboard." "I want to get into the air," resumed our friend, after a minute's pause. "I don't know whether it's the state of trade, or the state of the atmosphere, but I'm stifled up here."

After exchanging *adieux* with a smiling gentleman who had the finished courtesy of an ambassador, we sauntered down stairs to the floor of the house. Just then the crowd was so dense that there was very little unoccupied floor to saunter to; in point of fact, if all the residue of floor that hadn't a human being upon it had been covered with crown pieces, you could have carried the cash away in a wheelbarrow—easily. Elbowing slowly our devious and labyrinthine way through a very ocean of chest and shoulder, our friends dropping recognition right and left as we threaded that enormous needle of humanity, we got under the sky at last, and were grateful. But not before we had caught the eye of that genial humourist and gladiator Werner. "Hallo!" cried Werner, addressing one or two of the triumvirate, "Are you going into the yarn trade? The 'mingled yarn' trade, I suppose," added he, answering his own question in his own vivacious manner. We waved an appreciative salutation, and—pondering gloomily on the question of Cotton Supply—we were out under the sky of Market Street.

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STRONG WORDS ON THE STAGE AS IT IS.

AN American journal has some trenchant remarks on the present condition of the stage. Our readers will be able to judge for themselves how far the writer's observations may be truthfully applied to the administration of dramatic affairs on this side of the Atlantic.

In the general aspect of theatrical affairs there is little to arouse kindly interest or stimulate pleasant reflection. Now, as often heretofore, "the almighty dollar" is the chief object of pursuit. Various persons are engaged, according to such intelligence as they possess, in the business of conducting what they call theatres; but the idea that they have assumed anything more than a mercantile responsibility seems, for the most part, to be utterly absent from their minds. Little or no heed is given to the drama. Acting, as an art, may here and there find a practical advocate; but in the main, the especial object for which the stage was devised—the soul of truth and power whereby it has lived, and flourished, and may claim consideration as one of the forces influencing the education of mankind—is altogether ignored. This is not a new state of facts. It has existed for a long time. True, the monotony of this coarse spectacle of money-grubbing under false pretences has been occasionally varied by a spurt of honest dramatic effort and enterprise. A few persons, consecrated to the player's art, have tried to act good plays well, and therein to keep faith with their calling, to maintain the stage in dignity and usefulness, and to justify intellect and refined feelings in their advocacy of the drama as a beneficial and honourable institution. But, temporarily at any rate, the false pretences have the best of the battle.

The theatre is not merely a place for the sale of merchandise. It is one thing to buy and sell goods, and another thing to administer the arts. The keeper of a theatre is a man of business, indeed—but he is also a preceptor of the public mind, and he sustains a responsibility scarcely less grave than that of the clergyman himself. Such a preceptor has no right to trifle with his trust. If he cannot fulfil his duty, and keep his theatre open, on the basis of good plays well acted, he had better close that theatre and resort to some simpler vocation. To say that the public will not *pay* for good plays well acted is not to the purpose. If the public, indeed, will not sustain decent theatres, then it is best that those theatres should disappear. Their conductors surely can turn to something else, less exacting morally and financially, and therefore more profitable. It is a simple alternative. The Cumberland sunk with her colors flying at the mast-head. Failure is not ignoble in a good cause. But to pretend to keep a theatre, and yet to turn it into a dance-house, or something worse, is to be guilty of imposture—is to defame the drama by degrading its surroundings, and to defraud society of the benefits which it ought to receive from a noble and beautiful art.

Nor is it a defence to say that society repudiates art, and prefers female calf, tinsel, and red fire. The allegation is untrue. In every community, of course, there are fools and beasts who, instead of the drama, would prefer a ratfight or a show of model artists. But that is no good reason why a theatrical manager should give them what they want. His concern is with the drama. In every community there are wise, refined, tasteful persons in sufficient numbers to sustain decent, high-toned theatres in a sufficiently liberal way. To discard these, and pander to the mob, is wilfully to do wrong for the sake of gain. The plea that the public will have this, and wont have the other, &c., has come to be as disgusting as it is trite. The public should be made to follow, and not forever be permitted to lead. It is pitiful, indeed, if intellectual men must stoop to scent out a taste for carrion, and feed vultures because the dirty business pays. This practice of concession to the assumed appetites of the hydra-headed mob has rotted the stage nearly to its foundation.

Another omnibus evil combines with it, too, in the influx, into the dramatic world of a horde of outside barbarians—utterly foreign to the stage—who come to speculate in theatres as they do in cotton and in pork. These men, be it here said, know no more about the drama, and care no more about it, than the man in the moon. It is easy to see how these influences work. The stage is overwhelmed with mummers and dancing girls, variously ridiculous or vulgar, who are striving, with all the little gifts they have, to win the reward of prosperity by pandering to the sensual instincts of the people. And this medley proclaims itself as the drama! This state of facts was lately made the occasion of a somewhat hasty and irritated protest, in public speech and letter, by Miss Olive Logan; and we observe that the lady has been pretty soundly abused for what is called an attack on "the profession." *What* profession, we should like to know, is insulted by such a protest? Nobody attacks the stage in attacking a brazen imposture, reeking with vice, that has mendaciously assumed the stage's form and function. Acting is an honourable art, and the people who worthily pursue it and live by it are honourable people; and it is in their interest, and not against it, that rebuke of all this frivolity and vice is directed. The bare-legged women who tramp the boards in burlesque, have—with here and there an exception—no more title to be regarded as members of the dramatic profession than they have to be regarded as members of the French Academy. They are a sort of fungus upon the stage, and the fungus has now become excessive and intolerable.

We do not mean to say that, in all this flock of pantomimes, burlesques, and ballets, existent or yet to come, features of merit may not be found. Nonsense has its graces and its rights, as well as sense. But it is needful to remind theatrical managers that there is such an institution as The Drama, for the development of which theatres exist, and that intelligence, taste, refinement, and morality—matters of great import to the welfare of society—have rights that theatrical greed cannot safely violate. Licentiousness and reckless thirst for gain have gone very far, of late days, to ruin the stage as a vehicle of art, and a school of acting; and strong measures are justifiable to combat the evil.

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A smock-frock philosopher once compared wife-beating to threshing a sack of flour. "You may knock all the fine out of it," he said "but 'pend 'pon it the coorse will stop behind."

THE LASH v. HARD LABOUR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—I also am most thankful to you for bringing before the public the long neglected subject of "Cruelty to Animals." I enclose a case, cut from the pages of yesterday's *Guardian*, and I wish you (with your powerful pen) would suggest that such brutal offenders should be punished by the *lash*, and not "hard labour." In the first place, if such men are not acquainted with physical pain, it is high time they were introduced to it; and secondly, the lash is more likely to prevent such crimes, being a punishment especially dreaded, by cowardly degraded men.—Yours very truly,

J.

Blackpool, June 22nd.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The series of critical articles on LONDON PAPERS will be resumed in the *Sphinx* of Saturday next. The following have already appeared: the *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Fun*, *Punch*, the *Family Herald*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Era*, the *Standard*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

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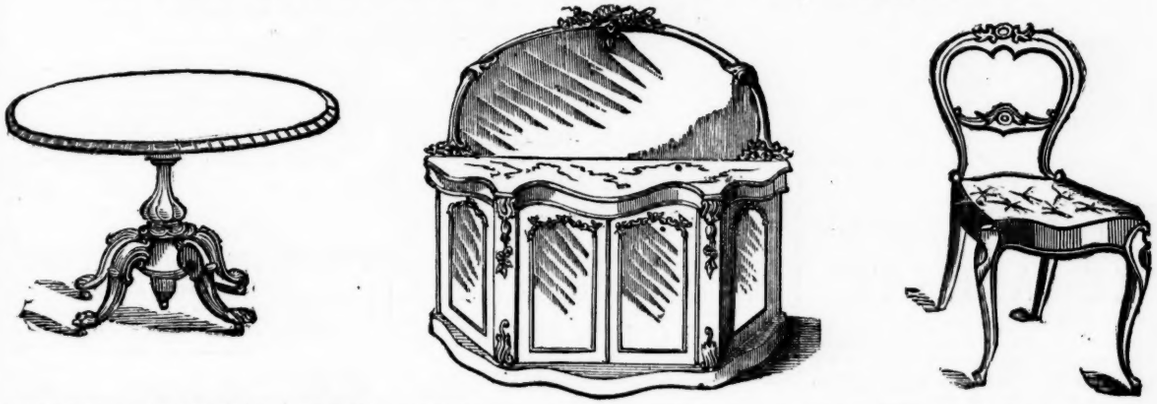

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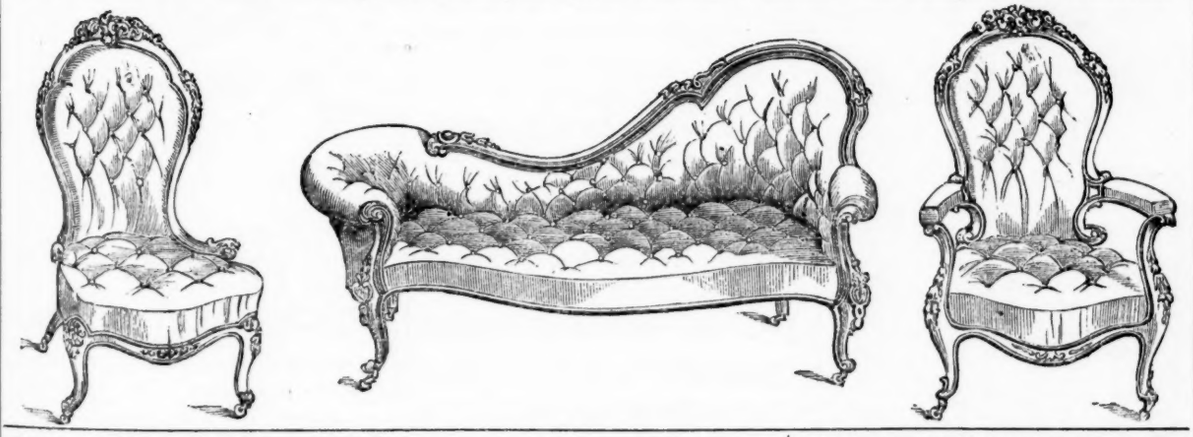

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